IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS, AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

NEW FICTION IN VARIED FORMS

THE BOY GREW OLDER. By Heywood Broun. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

HEYWARD BROUN has done well in choosing for his scene the environment he knows best—the newspaper office. Peter Neale, Harvard trained athlete and sporting editor of the *Bulletin*, has neglected musical scores for baseball scores. To fall in love with an opera singer is the last thing you would expect him to do; therefore he does. It is the will of Fate or, as Irvin Cobb would have said, "It's too improbable not to be true." Possibly it was the sportsman's love of physical beauty that attracted him to Maria Algarez when first he saw her—she was a dancer in those humble days—performing in a New York music hall.

She was standing still in the middle of the huge stage. And then everything about her had come to life. There was never any feeling that she was thinking about what to do. No roll call was carried on in her mind before she kicked or leaped, or flung an arm above her head. The left jab of Joe Gans was like that, too.

After a wait Peter met her in the dressing room which she shared with the Eight Bandanna Sisters. Quite early in the conversation she revealed a quite expected egoism in the question, "And some time you will tell about me in your newspaper and say I am a great dancer?" A little later, when the affair thickened, he hinted that he would like to marry her. And so they were married. It was a happy enough marriage as far as it went. Maria hated to neglect her art for the baby, and a dangerously short time after the birth of Peter, Jr., Maria walked out of the sickroom, leaving a note and a very young child behind her. She had found both Peters, the old one and the young one, interferences to her career. A few hours later the *Bulletin* sent Peter Neale to Carson City to report a prizefight.

From that day on Peter finds himself in the double role played successfully by certain species of penguins—that of mother and father at the same time. There is a great deal of Heywood Broun in the picture of Peter Neale. The last words of Maria's farewell note had been, "Miss Haines says he is like me. If that is so, Peter, you may have much trouble. But leave him just a little bad."

Peter's interest grew when he learned, by close study, that the child was going to be a southpaw. He boasted a little around the *Bulletin* office and secretly decided to raise the child himself; trusting as little as possible to the fallible feminine hand.

That growing older was fought with much philosophy of the latter day school. When Peter, Jr., familiarly known as "Pat," grew to the talking age, he was warned against referring to Peter Neale as "father" or "dad" or "pa"—terrible Victorian nicknames which savor of feudalism, paternalism and various more deadly perils. Father and son were "Peter" and "Pat" to one another. Their relations were Brounonian. Once or twice Peter reverted to type and soundly spanked his Pat.

And the boy grew older. Clumsy, practical, incoherent Peter Neale saw in his son a college baseball player, and in after life his worthy successor as sporting editor of the *Bulletin*. The book is another study of those two misunderstanding animals, father and son. While Peter follows his beat from the local room to the Polo Grounds Pat goes to Harvard, where he prefers football to baseball and goes no further in the former sport than to sit on the substitutes' bench during the Yale-Harvard game. Meanwhile there is Maria Algarez, singer and egoist, stirring like a phantom in the hereditary blood.

But to tell a plot—and "The Boy Grew Older" has a plot through which the self-revealing Broun philosophy is exploited—is to spoil a story. After a few chapters we begin to feel the question into which Broun's story is leading us. The boy grew—to what? Artist or athlete? Two strong hands lay upon him; the practical, unsubtle paw of Peter Neale, the delicate, ghostly fingers of Maria Algarez. Physically she was no mother to the boy. She refused him the breast and followed her ambitious star. Certainly she had no claim to him, I think; and if I read Broun's story aright, I think he agrees with me. I should like to know what some of the readers think when they finish the last chapter, which ends so abruptly, so characteristically.

WALLACE IRWIN.

THE PENITENT. By Edna Worthley Underwood. Houghton Mifflin Company.

IT calls for courage upon the part of a novelist, even in these days when the "three decker" story of a generation or two shows signs of coming back into vogue, to plan a trilogy of long novels intended, ultimately, to cover Russian history from the end of the Napoleonic era downward. This volume is announced as the first number of such a trilogy, to be called in its entirety "The New World Trilogy." Mrs. Underwood's assurance is justified to the extent that she knows the period and its people, with the knowledge of a specialist. She has put out several translations from the Russian (including some of Gogol), and has written novels and stories of Russian life in some of its aspects. She has also dignity of style, and no small insight into individual character. But such a colossal affair as this demands something of the power of the epic poet, who is, unfortunately, an animal of very rare occurrence.

The historical novel, conceived on a grand scale, is, indeed, almost our modern substitute for the epic. To be successful it needs all the four Aristotelian requirements: it must be upon a dignified theme, it must have unity and an ordered progress within that unity, and it must be "noble" in diction and in thought. It is a good deal to ask of a modern novelist. Mrs. Underwood's theme is grandiose enough, and her manner of handling it is "noble" but it does not promise any impressive "unity." It tends to be a series of excellent pictures of this or that eminent person against a background of larger action, but the movement drags a little.

This opening section deals with the closing years of the reign of Alexander I. and the beginners of the movement toward "emancipation" and a new era, started, measurably, by the French Revolution. Alexander himself is a leading character; so, too, is the half negro poet, Pushkin, upon whose adventures the chief threads of the plot are hung. Metternich and his wonderful Persian spy, the beautiful "Chali," are also important actors, and there is an extraordinarily numerous company of lesser people, for the most part historical personages, with whom Mrs. Underwood has taken great pains to be exact. It opens with a meeting of the plotters at which Pushkin is present; he is only mildly interested, however, being in reality an artist instead of a real revolutionist. But there are plenty of others who are in deadly earnest, and, later on, there is an abundance of horrors. It ends in a smash, to be followed by a brief epilogue striking a mystic note. It would require half a column, at least, to give a meager outline of the plot.

It is a valiant attempt, and it is successful to a really surprising degree, the difficulties being considered, but it leaves one a little skeptical as to whether a modern Russian epic can be made in America.

CLAIR DE LUNE. By Anthony Pryde. Dodd, Mead & Co.

A LARGE amount of action and reaction among a group, for the most part artists of one sort or another, all of whom are highly self-centered, surrounds the central movement of this complex, skillfully planned novel. That central theme is the disinclination of the hero to undergo the usual processes of matrimony, with his wife's consequent sufferings during their unnatural relationship and her final departure, leaving him in disgust when she realizes that her real rival is his love for his opera, "Clair de Lune." A study in temperament, with a large T. She goes back to her brother, and the artist retires to a hermitage upon a mountain top.

But even so high up in the air he cannot escape, for he is pursued by Sophie, another lady, a lady of many lovers, but on the whole a pretty good sort, as ladies of that type have now usually become—in fiction. But even to Sophie the hero is cold, though her presence there with him leads to a grave misunderstanding by his wife's brother and by the man who hopes to marry the wife if she only could and would divorce the cold blooded artist. It all ends in the final enlightenment and ultimate warming up of the recalcitrant artist and a romantic restoration of conjugal rights.

It is excellently written, smooth in style and with much clever understanding of the artistic temperament—which is real enough, however unintelligible to the matter of fact folk—and an abundant charity for eccentricities. As a result of the modern fashion the book is a delicate, deodorized presentation of a series of situations such as caused our eighteenth century forbears to guffaw over "Tom Jones" and "Roderick Random. Only those ancestors of the novel were able to think of many other types of incident also and the various affairs of their heroes and heroines were incidental, sometimes even retreating to the wings while a clown did his turn, instead of keeping all the limelight from start to finish. Sex in those days was—just sex; very important, but there were occasionally other things in which a reader might be supposed to be interested. The contrast is suggested because this story, excellent as it is, is so perfect a type of the specialized modern novel. Just what, one wonders, would Dr. Smollett have made of the hero of "Clair de Lune" and his peculiarities? The query suggests a corrective of which most current fiction is badly in need.

THE CUCKOO'S NEST. By Christine Jope Slade. Houghton Mifflin Company.

TWO things about it lift this story out of the rut: its enigmatic conclusion, which leaves you guessing as to the fate not only of the titular heroine, but of her more important parents, and secondly the character of one of these old folks, Henry, the girl's father. Unfortunately for the purposes of a brief notice it will not do to betray Henry's secret. The author keeps it a secret until well toward the end, and Henry himself is always in the background, but he is an appealing, oddly interesting figure. The plot turns upon the rather violent assumption that Mrs. Henry and her daughter are ignorant of what his actual profession or business is. He departs daily from their suburban home, near Margate, and returns by the midnight train. Both mother and daughter wonder and speculate for years, but refrain from too close spying.

Then, in an evil hour, the near villainess of the piece, a malicious old Marchesa, intervenes and invites mother and daughter to occupy her London house. The Marchesa is a fine specimen of the meddling old woman, who takes a delight in messing up other people's lives. She is greatly amused by the fact that Henry's business is unknown to his family, and when she learns the truth she arranges a dramatic, almost tragic, disclosure which does not quite come off as she expected. Interwoven with this is a sub-plot, which is something of an intrusion, and has the air of a separate short story imbedded in the main narrative. Behind the Marchesa's house is a sort of studio, occupied by two dress designers—a man and woman, partners—and in the end lovers. They are greatly interested in the girl and aid her in her affair with the son of the haughty Sir Terence—a very pretty love story, all by itself. Sir Terence is a tea room magnate, a sort of chain store millionaire. In a way, he is the business rival of the inscrutable Henry, although that part of the secret. But he certainly would not consent to his son's alliance with Henry's daughter if he knew who Henry was. It is a nice situation, with a novel twist to it.

The most worth while figure, however, is Henry; patiently toiling for years to build up what he thinks a spectacular position, to delight his wife and daughter, only to shock them with the truth when he is about to realize his ambition, or when he might have done so had not the miserable Sir Terence intervened. Henry is a lovable, humorously pathetic character, wholly real and enough in himself to make the book of unusual interest.

THE MIDDLE OF THINGS. By J. S. Fletcher. Alfred A. Knopf.

THE appearance of a new Fletcher detective story (once every four months) begins to have the regularity of an astronomical phenomenon. One wonders how he does it—and then, still more, how he does it so well! Twelve novels in four years, all very much alike, all built upon the same model, and yet all sufficiently different to be extraordinarily entertaining. But there is also a feeling in reading this last one that, although he turns out so good a product, he might do very much better if he took more time and pains to it. Perhaps that is a rather mean fling, an unkind looking into the mouth of a healthy gift horse. Still there is a quality about the opening chapter of this upon which, one suspects, Mr. Fletcher spent most time, that shows what his standard might be if he were not in such a breathless hurry, for there is a cozy, Dickensy phrasing, a delicacy in character sketching and a breadth of conception in the first chapter (repeated, now and then, later on) that mark the artist of first rate ability.

But then it slides rapidly into the whirlwind movement of the usual complex to the expected chromatic finish. He uses all the familiar devices, and uses them in masterly fashion, and it will take a very acute reader to guess the answer until he is quite ready to explain his mystery. It starts with the murdered body, stolen papers, a magnificent diamond, an innocent young man accused of the crime, and then a whole Tichborne claimant case is superimposed. A wealth of mystery. Maybe it is not quite so fresh as the first of the series, but it is far above the general run. And Mr. Fletcher can and does write English; his style is above reproach.

THE TWENTY-FIRST BURR. By Victor Lauriston. George H. Doran Company.

THE first requirements of a mystery story are, of course, to mystify, thrill and contain the valuable ingredient—suspense. All are to be found in "The Twenty-first Burr." There was a slight mystery that hung over the head of Adam Winright, and it deepened when he was found dead in the "ghost room" of his home. The doctors diagnosed it as heart failure. But then there was the scratch on his hand which his daughter noticed, the man in gray who had been haunting Castle Sunset, the weird tales of ghosts the servants told, the fingerprint and marks of a pin on the telegram and the impudent chauffeur. The author is evidently a chirologist or knows a little something about the science of the hand, for the greater part of Glory Adair's deductions, which later prove sound, are based on her knowledge of palmistry. It is a good mystery story.

THE HOUSE OF FIVE SWORDS. By Tristram Tupper. George H. Doran Company.

MR. TUPPER is another newcomer who should find no lack of welcome from lovers of romance. This, a first novel, has all the elements of a grown up fairy story; a clean story, with something of the manner of Hans Andersen in the tale of the poor bootmaker's little daughter, the robin who dances into the story, a half elfin child, and grows up to be adopted by the wealthy old ogre. She is exquisitely done. The child is altogether adorable as a child, and real, and she does not (as so many child heroines do) lose her character and become quite another person when she grows up. As a big girl she is recognizably the same as the little creature who "lived in a crab-apple tree" and listened to the old sign of the boot creaking.

The rest of the story is more conventional and sometimes comes near to flying too high. It involves a young man who is expelled from West Point and who takes up the role of a spy in the German forces during the war. This, however, is stage managed with discretion and makes a good tale of adventure. It is all rather high in key, and one feels a little as when listening to a singer reaching for her top note, a little apprehensive, but it holds. The right conclusion is reached as gracefully as the ending of a minuet. There is some flavor of an older fashion about it, even to the war chapters; a fineness and delicacy that is not weakness. And above all, one will remember the child; she is worth all the rest of the book.

THE GLAND STEALERS. By Bertram Gayton. J. B. Lippincott Company.

THE author of this had a gorgeous idea and has developed it to good purpose but the possibilities of it seem to have been a bit too much for him. It would need the unique capacity of a Wells to carry through such a fantasy as this without slipping anywhere. Nevertheless it is an entertaining, joyous farce, and has some fine touches. It is managed plausibly enough, in its main lines, and its actors are well conceived. The hero of the piece has reached the mature age of ninety-four, when he happens to learn of the marvels of rejuvenation worked by transplanting monkey glands to the human body. He undergoes the operation, which is startlingly successful. At first it throws him back into childhood, giving him the spirits and ambitions of a boy about ten, but he grows rapidly out of that and settles down to something like forty-five or so: mature but very springily youthful in physique.

The result is so pleasant that he resolves to extends its benefits. He forms a "club" of aged men (and one woman) and carries them to Africa, to hunt the gorilla in its lair and provide enough glands to start wholesale rejuvenescence. Thereafter the story diverges from its original form and becomes a tale of adventure, almost as gaudy as the doings of a Tarzan, in pursuit of the wild gorilla, by airplane, soporific gas and even hypnotism. It makes an amusing extravaganza, but remains a digression. The reader would best learn for himself how the hunt ended—or paused—for Grandpa is still down there hunting, though most of the remade old fellows came a cropper in the end.

THE TRAIL OF CONFLICT. By Emilie Loring. Penn Publishing Company.

THERE is a sufficiently wild Westernness to this tale to keep it moving along the familiar grooves of such stories, but its chief theme is the more ancient one of the man and wife who fall in love with each other after marriage and in spite of themselves. Or, more accurately, the woman who finds herself in love with a nominal husband who has been forced upon her by circumstances, for although it does not so appear at the start, "Barkis is willin'" all the time. It opens with two grim financiers, one a self-made, massive creature, the other, of the aristocratic name of Courtlandt (of the family for which the street to the ferry was named), a gentleman of the old school. The rough one, Glamorgan, demands that Courtlandt's son shall marry his daughter, else there will be a financial smash. The children agree, to save the family honor and fortune.

Then the story moves out West and young Courtlandt has a chance to show his unwilling wife that he is a real he-man. The adventuring is strenuous enough to convince any lady. The minor people are more than usually lifelike; a good story of a rather conventional order.

ACROSS THE MESA. By Jarvis Hall. Penn Publishing Company.

CONFRONTED by another Wild West story the reviewer is tempted to throw up his hands in despair. Everything that can possibly be said of this type of novel has been said ad nauseam, and generally the books are as like as two peas. About all one can do is to label them as good, bad or indifferent, or—rarely—very good, and let it go at that. This one falls into the distinctly good class. Mr. Jarvis Hall has done it before, and knows how to do it well. His Mexican and border scenery is excellent, as he writes from first hand knowledge and has a good trick of description. His people are real enough for the purpose: the intruding heroine, this time from effete Chicago, who goes to the wilderness to get into picturesque trouble and to be rescued by the valiantly masculine hero. In this case there are also some very good bandits, chiefly Mexican, and they run around nicely. The plot is skillfully constructed and will hold the attention of the addict to this form of entertaining fiction.

HIRONDELLE. By Henry C. Rowland. Harper & Brothers.

THE most exciting thing about Mr. Rowland's book, which is an attempt to write a novel of adventure, is the picture of the pirate on the paper cover. Shane O'Conor, a citizen of the United States in the year 1800, and an Irish nobleman in his own right, builds a ship, which he christens the Hirondelle—the swallow—planned by Ruderic, a young shipbuilder whose favorite emotion is hate, for the apparent purpose of smuggling slaves. O'Conor has a daughter, the Lady Sheila, who is of the sweet and simple school of heroines, ready to be abducted at any moment and just as ready to be saved at the next, and is sure of being properly married to the hero in the last chapter.

The Hirondelle sets out on its adventures, the conventional pirate ships loom out of the fog. O'Conor predicts that a war with England is imminent, so the author uses the war of 1812 to eke out the spare material of his book. It is tissue paper fiction.

KASTLE KRAGS. By Absalom Martin. Duffield & Co.

FLORIDA is gaining ground as the seat of the mystery story, to which the dark forests, swamps, bayous and snake infested waterways make a natural habitat. This one also has a century old house, near a lagoon, and equipped with a tradition of buried treasure. The legend had it that a predatory seafaring man had planted the treasure somewhere in the lagoon and had set some sea monster to guard it. There certainly were mysterious disappearances, beginning with that of a perfectly good butler, who shrieked nicely before the monster got him. Then the owner of the house went the same way, also shrieking first to announce the event. The third disappearance was silent—but that's enough to arouse interest in a really unusually well sustained plot. The style of the narrative is somewhat crude, but its movement is excellent and the puzzle is quite real.

SWANK INGRATE, SAYS TRAPROCK

Kawa's Redoubtable Leader Replies to Cubist Painter's Criticisms of Conduct of Arctic Trip

EDITOR BOOK SECTION—*Sir:*

I WRITE to thank you warmly for your publication of October 1 of the attack made upon me by my one-time friend, Herman Swank, who accompanied me to the North Pole on the most recent Traprock Expedition. When I say I thank you, sir, please believe that my gratitude is sincere.

It is well known that Polar expeditions are invariably split asunder, immediately following their return to civilization, by bitterness and recrimination on the part of some of their members. It needed only this outburst of Swank's to add the last touch of authenticity to my recent adventure. In running true to form with his ridiculous array of charges the poor fellow substantiates my remarkable achievements which some have taken lightly.

But I should be unfair to that large public which, I am pleased to say, has showed unbounded faith in me, were I to dismiss idly this conventional attack of my deluded companion. A word of explanation is surely due, a word which, I feel sure, will not be interpreted as either apology or excuse—nay, not even as defense; for I have always scorned to defend myself against the slings and arrows of caluminous envy. The name of Traprock is its own defense, and ever shall be.

What, then, is the reason back of this treachery? Why should I thus be stabbed in a public place? To answer convincingly it will be necessary to examine two documents, first Swank's absurd "impeachment," second my own "Northern Exposure." Lest the wary reader suspect that this is an attempt on my part to lure him into the purchase of my book let me hasten to add that special copies (for reference only and not to be taken from the premises) will be at the disposal of the public from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. on all week days at the office of the Northern Lights Society, 54 West Forty-fifth street, New York, in the care of Mr. Williams, secretary. For night calls, telephone Watkins 8200.

In glancing over Exhibit A, Swank's petty attack, one is struck by a characteristically modest paragraph beginning, "First of all, a brief word about myself." This is typical of the man. How unconsciously he betrays the fact that his first thought as well as his last is always about himself. But he further lets himself in, led on by that most damning of companions, his alter ego or subconscious self, to make with a certain gesture of vainglory the statement that his title on this and previous cruises has been that of "Official Painter and Landscapist."

Well and good, Mr. Swank. This is perfectly true. But now I must ask the impartial judge to glance at Exhibit B, "My Northern Exposure," and to turn with me its pages to see if we can find the slightest evidence that Mr. Swank did so much as one lick of work during our entire voyage. Perhaps I may save the reader trouble by assuring him that he will find no record of the minutest indication of industry on the part of this man who boasts himself the "Official Painter and Landscapist." The actual truth is that an incessant warfare was waged by Swank and myself due to my efforts to force him into recording some of the marvelous natural beauties through which we were passing, the vast snow fields, the giant bergs, the inky floes. "See that, Swank," I used to say, pointing to some particularly well designed iceberg. "Isn't that pretty? Paint 'em, boy."

At first he pretended to be making preparations, sorting his colors and brushes and daubing sample hues on the edge of the doors and generally messing things up. Also, he was impossibly captious in regard to subjects.

"Too much snow," he used to say, as if he expected palm trees north of 86.

After fiddling away two months he began to complain that due to the increasing cold his water colors froze on him and melted off the pad when he took them indoors. Again I goaded him to begin work in oils, to which he made the expressive reply, "Some years I just don't feel like working."

And then night fell. All chance of daylight painting was lost, due to this fellow's incorrigible laziness. When we met the lovely Klinka maidens, of whom he chooses to make such scurrilous remarks, his artistic being suddenly burst into activity. But was it landscapes he wished to paint? Not by a jugful. It was portraits. Nothing would do but he must paint the portraits of Ikik and Yalok and Snak and the other beautiful creatures by whom we were surrounded. Nor would he have stopped at portraits had I not sternly forbidden the entire proceeding after seeing his first attempt, a head of Yalok, the most flagrant painted insult I have ever seen. We ate the picture on our return voyage, which shows how close to starvation we were. Even as food it was unsatisfactory.

Swank speaks of my critical reference to his picture of the Aurora Borealis as "looking like a dish of blue tripe." In this way he deceitfully suggests that he actually painted the picture on the voyage. As a matter of fact it was done two months after his return when he was finally released from the Bellevue psychopathic ward, where, at great pains to myself, I had had him placed for observation. The color and design were recorded from memory, which may account of its total inaccuracy, inasmuch as at the time of the aurora display Swank's memory was not functioning.

The "Greenland water colors" of which he speaks are merely imaginary. The only actual painting he did was, I repeat, that of daubing up the door jamb of my cabin, which I now have reason to believe was a malicious attempt to befoul my person, as he has so recently befouled my name. In justice to this poor creature it may be said that, passing through the craziest phases of modern art, he has at last reached a point where he no longer paints his pictures; he merely imagines them. This is undoubtedly for the best.

Thanks to his recent outburst, the attention of the public will now be focused as never before on the actual points at issue, my personal character and the veracity of my every statement. To show that I bear Swank no ill will let me relate a little incident. His scurrilous letter was forwarded to me while I was inspecting the geyser basins of the Yellowstone National Park as member of a special "Commission for the Preservation and Propagation of Geysers." On the day previous to my receipt of the clipping a new geyser had erupted in the Norris field. As head of the commission it was my privilege to name this new geyser, and, as it was one of the mud slinging variety, I could think of no more appropriate title than that of "Swank Geyser," by which it will be known for all time.

Thanking you again for your distinguished consideration and for the valuable space which I hope to occupy, I am

Very cordially yours,

WALTER E. TRAPROCK,
F.R.S.S.E.U.L.L.N.D.

Authors' Works and Their Ways

Frederick O'Brien is in New York for a brief stay after some wandering in the Northwest. He saw Yellowstone and Mount Rainier national parks, and then attended the roundup at Pendleton, Ore., in cheerful company with the author of "The Cruise of the Kawa" and others.

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The Marshall Jones Company has just published "Football and How to Watch It," by Percy D. Haughton. The claim is made that this is the first book on football addressed directly to the spectator instead of to the player. The book contains forty illustrations selected by the author from several thousand plates.

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A new Holman Day novel is announced for October publication by the Harpers—"Joan of Arc of the North Woods," a story of primitive fighting pitted against city intrigue. The publishers describe it as a story of love, violence and intrigue in the north country.

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The Duttons have ready their promised new edition of the novels of the Bronte sisters. It is in a set of six volumes, which are to be sold either in the set or separately. There are sixty illustrations in color by Edmund Dulac and each volume contains an introduction by May Sinclair.

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On October 20 "The Letters of Franklin K. Lane" will be published by Houghton, Mifflin Company. Here is a sample extract dealing with precarious days: "March 12, 1918. Nothing talked of at Cabinet that would interest nation, a family or a child. No talk of the war. No talk of Russia or Japan. Talk by McAdoo about some bills in Congress, by the President about giving the veterans of the Spanish war leave, with pay, to attend their annual encampment. And he treated this seriously, as if it were a matter of first importance! No word from Baker nor mention of his mission or his doing . . ."

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In 1790 when Jane Austen, in her teens, was reading everything she could lay hands on, "best sellers" were an unknown quantity. The fiction Jane knew included Richardson's "Pamela" and "Clarissa Harlowe" (in eight volumes!); Fielding's "Tom Jones" and "Amelia," "The Vicar of Wakefield" and Fanny Burney's "Evelina," all of which were published before 1778. It was, however, the sensational romance fashionable in her own day, represented by the works of Ann Radcliffe and Jane Porter, that moved Jane to the mischievous burlesques in "Love and Freindship," reviewed some time ago in the book section.

A Drawing By G. K. Chesterton for the New Edition of Hilaire Belloc's "The Green Overcoat."

DR. RAINSFORD'S LIFE AND BELIEFS

THE STORY OF A VARIED LIFE. By W. S. Rainsford. Doubleday, Page & Co.

DR. RAINSFORD as rector of St. George's Church was one of the most useful and prominent clergymen in New York city. He was closely associated with all types of citizens. He was a pioneer in the work of the institutional church. An autobiography by him ought to be very interesting. Some day perhaps he will write it. This book is valuable and appealing, but it is not a life of the author.

In one chapter of his reminiscences the author says: "'Once a preacher always a preacher,' is, I fear, true in my case. Though I am holiday making I cannot help scrambling into an extemporized pulpit and preaching a short sermon." Although Dr. Rainsford has kept some sort of a daily record of events from 1873, when he was a curate in Norwich, until the present, he has no flair for the concrete. His is the type of mind which generalizes all his experience. The instinct for homily nearly always checks the flow of his narrative. Daniel Defoe made the mistake of appending a volume of serious reflections to "Robinson Crusoe," and the world has forgotten that supplement. This biography of an unusually active man is nearly thirty-five per cent. serious reflection.

In his final chapter Dr. Rainsford apologizes for his sins of omission. He says, "I had planned to write at greater length of the out-of-doors side of my life. It has meant a great deal to me—of my interesting journey through the Indian country in the '60's, and forty years later of my stay in equatorial Africa. But if my book is to reach the hands I want it in, it must not be too expensive, and I cannot find space for an account of these adventurous days."

Dr. Rainsford tells in detail about his boyhood wanderings in France, his experience among the Indians, his college life at Cambridge, his religious work at Norwich and the East End of London and his pastorate in Toronto. He abandons chronology when he comes to New York, and his chapters become chiefly essays on the problems which confront the modern church. There are tantalizing glimpses of men whom he knew well. J. P. Morgan is shown in his capacity of vestryman, conservative in his adhesion to the old creed, but unwilling to muzzle the pulpit. We see Goldwin Smith from a new angle. There is much about Roosevelt, whom Dr. Rainsford admired. He is a true democrat and gives vivid accounts of his humbler assistants.

Dr. Rainsford tells the reader frankly that he usually made a failure in his first sermon at any church. He was too self-conscious. He would have abandoned preaching except for the deep belief that he had a message to deliver. He is not a man who likes to talk about himself, and the impulse to write the book came from the feeling that his life has certain lessons. The key to the book is the author's attitude toward individual religion and toward the social mission of the church.

As a spiritual document Dr. Rainsford's book vies with Cardinal Newman's "Apologia" in honesty of purpose. He shows us the evolution of his creed. He has a chapter on the Evangelistic movement which explains the Victorian epoch. The influences which affected his youth are clearly shown in his constant quotation of "The Pilgrim's Progress." He treats the creed which he has outgrown with much reverence. He says, "The banyan tree's down thrusting branches root themselves slowly, firmly, round the parent stem. After a long time the central stem decays, but its function well done, its children prolong its life forever. So with our dear old beliefs. We owe all to them, we are what we are because of them. Yet in their former shape they exist for us no longer." Although Dr. Rainsford outgrew Calvinism he admired the men it had produced and he diverted its earnestness into new channels. In individual religion he advocated the quest for new truth. He was in continual danger of being charged with heresy.

Dr. Rainsford believed that the church should grow with the times. He was practical in his grasp of social questions. He felt that the professional ecclesiastic repelled the poor and the laboring man. He made a brave fight to remedy this condition. His first step was the free church. It seemed to him that private ownership of pews in the house of God was sacrilege. He was the first preacher to open his church on week days for work and prayer. The uptown migration of wealthy congregations seemed to him desertion in the face of the enemy. He organized a mission on Avenue A and built up a Sunday School which attracted the neighborhood. He did not believe in trying to cure evil conditions by reforming the derelict as much as in preventing misery and degradation by reaching the young. His institutional church was his big achievement. In his parish house he encouraged athletics and dancing. He did not believe in methods of repression and was the professed foe of the hired reformer. His biography shows him to be a link between the muscular Christianity of Charles Kingsley and the propagandist fervor of Bouck White.

BOOK RECEIVED

Fiction.

THE CATHEDRAL. By J. K. Huysmans. Translated from the French by Clara Bell. Edited with a prefatory by C. Kegan Paul. Second impression. E. P. Dutton & Co.

THE HEART OF LITTLE SHIKARA AND OTHER STORIES. By Edison Marshall. A collection of short stories of out of doors and animal life. Little, Brown & Co.

THE DANCING FAKIR AND OTHER STORIES. By John Eyton. Longmans, Green & Co.

SOME DISTINGUISHED AMERICANS. By Harvey O'Higgins. Described as "Imaginary Portraits." Harper & Brothers.

DUMBBELL OF BROOKFIELD. By John Taintor Foote. A new edition with a foreword by Rex Beach. D. Appleton & Co.

COMMAND. By William McFee. A novel. Doubleday, Page & Co.

THE RIDDLE OF THE SPINNING WHEEL. By Mary E. and Thomas W. Hanshew. "Being an exploit in the career of Hamilton Cleek, Detective." Doubleday, Page & Co.

THE THINGS WE ARE. By John Middleton Murry. A new edition. E. P. Dutton & Co.

IF WINTER DON'T. By Barry Pain. A parody on "If Winter Comes." Frederick A. Stokes Company.

THE SUBCONSCIOUS COURTSHIP. By Berta Ruck. A novel. Dodd, Mead & Co.

ROPE. By Holworthy Hall. A story in which those who are in favor of blue laws and those who oppose them are pitted against each other. Dodd, Mead & Co.

THE STRANGE ATTRACTION. By Jane Mander. A novel. Dodd, Mead & Co.

THE CATHEDRAL. By Hugh Walpole. A novel. George H. Doran Company.

THE HEART'S JUSTICE. By Amanda Hall. A novel. George H. Doran Company.

Text Books.

BRIEF HISTORY OF MODERN EUROPE FROM 1814 TO THE GREAT WAR. By William Glover. In the "Foundation History" series. World Book Company.

BEGINNERS' ANCIENT HISTORY FROM EARLIEST TIMES. By J. B. Newman. In the "Foundation History" series. World Book Company.

BEGINNERS' MODERN HISTORY FROM ABOUT A. D. 1000. By J. B. Newman. In the "Foundation History" series. World Book Company.

Psychology.

NERVES AND PERSONAL POWER. By D. Macdougall King. Described as "some principles of psychology as applied to conduct and health." Fleming H. Revell Company.

MIRACLES AND THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY. By E. R. Micklem. "A study in the healing miracles of the New Testament." Oxford University Press, American Branch.

JUDGING HUMAN CHARACTER. By H. L. Hollingworth. "How to estimate the character of one's friends, associates and acquaintances in business and in social life." D. Appleton & Co.

Juvenile.

THE WAY OF POETRY. By John Drinkwater. An anthology for young readers. Houghton Mifflin Company.

LAMPLIGHT TALES. By Pauline Carrington Bouve. A group of stories. Grosset & Dunlap.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. By Ida Prentice Whitcomb. Revised edition. Dodd, Mead & Co.

THE COMIC. Rendered into English verse by Mary Carolyn Davies. Funk & Wagnalls Company.

DOGGIE WOOF AND PUSSY MEOW AND OTHER FRIENDS OF THE CHILDREN. Verses by Mary Carolyn Davies. Funk & Wagnalls Company.

THE MERRY CHILDREN'S BOOK OF PLAY. Verses by Mary Carolyn Davies. Funk & Wagnalls Company.

BRUIN: THE ADVENTURES OF A LITTLE BEAR. Pictures by Louis Moe. Verses by Mary Carolyn Davies. Funk & Wagnalls Company.

POEMS OF AMERICAN PATRIOTISM. Chosen by Brander Matthews. Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth. A new, revised and extended edition. In the "Scribner Classics for Younger Readers" series. Charles Scribner's Sons.

DICK AND LARRY: FRESHMEN. By Francis Lynde. The further adventures of Dick and Larry. A sequel to "The Donovan Chance." Charles Scribner's Sons.

Poetry, Drama, Music.

FRENCH VERSE FROM VILLON TO VERLAINE. By R. L. Graeme Ritchie and James M. Moore. In French with an English introduction. E. P. Dutton & Co.

FROM MORN TO MIDNIGHT. By Georg Kaiser. Described as an "Impressionist play" in seven scenes.

PRE-RAPHAELITE AND OTHER POETS. Lectures by Lafcadio Hearn. Selected and edited by Prof. John Erskine. Dodd, Mead & Co.

THE HOUND OF HEAVEN. By Francis Thompson. With illustrations by Stella Langdale. Dodd, Mead & Co.

THE ROMANTIC WORLD OF MUSIC. By William Armstrong. A book of story, anecdote and personal recollection about the leading operatic singers known to America in recent years. E. P. Dutton & Co.

EIGHTH NOTES. By H. T. Parker. Described as "Voices and figures of music and the dance." Dodd, Mead & Co.

Travel, Adventure, Observation.

ARGONAUTS OF THE WESTERN PACIFIC. By Bronislaw Malinowski. With a preface by Sir James George Frazer. An account of native enterprise and adventure in the Archipelagoes of Melanesian New Guinea. E. P. Dutton & Co.

SEEING THE EASTERN STATES. By John T. Faris. J. B. Lippincott Company.

DELAWARE AND THE EASTERN SHORE. By Edward Noble Vallandigham. Described as being "Some aspects of a Peninsula, pleasant and well beloved." J. B. Lippincott Company.

SILENT HIGHWAYS OF THE JUNGLE. By G. M. Dyott. A record of an adventurous journey across Peru to the Amazon. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

DOWN THE YELLOWSTONE. By Lewis R. Freeman. Describes the author's journey down the Yellowstone. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Essays, Criticisms, Sketches.

THE TECHNIQUE OF THOMAS HARDY. By Joseph Varren Beach. A study of Hardy's novels. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press.

LEADERSHIP AND PROGRESS AND OTHER ESSAYS OF PROGRESS. By Alfred H. Lloyd. The Stratford Company.

SINGLE BLESSEDNESS AND OTHER OBSERVATIONS. By George Ade. Doubleday, Page & Co.

THE CRITICAL GAME. By John Macy, Boni & Liveright.

Miscellaneous.

RADIO SIMPLIFIED: WHAT IT IS; HOW TO BUILD AND OPERATE THE APPARATUS. By Lewis F. Kendall, Jr., and Robert Philip Koehler. John C. Winston Company.

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